

# INTER NOS

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J. M. J.

### *Editorial*

Our December issue will be distributed at the close of the Marian Year, for which the whole world owes gratitude to our Holy Father Pope Pius XII. May God preserve him for His Church, yet many a day, to spread about the aura of his spirituality and holiness, and may Mary Immaculate hasten the blessing of peace for the world. A miracle is needed; the Mother of Christ by a word to her Son can obtain that miracle. Let us place our hope and trust in her, the Queen of Peace.

**INTER NOS** presents, this Marian Year, a timely tribute to Mary—the first Christ-bearer—written by Sister Marie de Lourdes and Magnificat of America—written by our novices.

The Advent season calls for a few thoughts or contemplations on its purpose and meaning. The Church has fixed a period of four weeks preparation for the joyful feast of Christmas; four weeks reminiscent of the long years of waiting for the fulfillment of the promise made by God to Adam and Eve after their fall. Their sin was grievous, but their punishment less severe than that meted out to the rebel angels, who were left without hope that the gates of Hell would ever open to set them free.

God promised Adam and Eve, His first human creatures, a Redeemer who would reopen the closed gates of Heaven to them, and to each one of their posterity, who would obey God's law.

The period of waiting was long and penitential. Significantly, in period divisions of the Old Testament, a striking event seemed to mark every thousand years, for four periods. The four weeks of Advent are

reminiscent of this number, and we are urged to make them a penitential preparation for the birthday of Christ, the Saviour. A few moments each day, given to contemplation of the stable of Bethlehem, is a fitting birthday gift.

This contemplation needs what spiritual writers call a composition of place—the night; a bright star gleaming through the purple darkness; a stable-cave, at best an animal shelter; a manger filled with straw; St. Joseph trying to make the place habitable; a young girl, the Virgin Mother; and the Babe, God and man, equal to the Father, yet having a truly human nature; cold, poverty, suffering; yet joy unequalled.

An example cited by a Jesuit retreat master may find place here. He was a Belgian or Hollander, and his speech was simple and direct. In leading some novices in the way of meditation, he had the young men tell him of their thoughts in mental prayer. This was one of them: "I came to the cave, and saw the Baby. I went out and got a pitcher of milk, but before giving it to the Blessed Mother, I put it on the ground and knelt in adoration. My feet are big and I am awkward. When I went to get up, I kicked over the pitcher and spilt the milk." The priest added, "He was so simple and innocent, he was too good to live. He died a novice."

December brings many beautiful feasts, some before Christmas, some after. The 3rd; St. Francis Xavier, Apostles of the Indies; the 8th rejoices in the feast of the Immaculate Conception of Mary; the 18th her Expectation of the coming of her Son; the 21st the feast of the Apostle Thomas; the 26th St. Stephen, the First Martyr; the 27th St. John the Beloved; the 28th the Holy Innocents.

SISTER M. DOLOROSA

## Fools Are Made, Not Born

By Joan Carey

"Hi, Mom. Do we have anything to eat? I'm starved!" Flopping his books on the coffee table, Eddie headed into the kitchen as fast as he could go, and still avoid the furniture. His mother gave him a big, cozy welcome hug.

"Sorry, Ed, we haven't anything," she smiled to herself when she saw his face fall into an unconscious pout, "unless, of course, chocolate cake and milk would do."

A boyish grin replaced the pout and Ed cut a too large piece of cake. Between bites he managed to say, "Mumsy, could I go down to Lincoln playground and play baseball for a while. I met a swell kid, I mean boy, at school today; he's coming too. His name's George, lives right near here, too. S'funny—

"Your mouth is full and you're talking too fast."

"Sorry, Mom. Anyhow it's funny I didn't meet him on the bus or anything before. Can I go? I'll make it home for dinner."

Mrs. Anderson agreed to let Eddie go, but "be home in plenty of time for dinner, be careful crossing streets, and don't let the ball get near Mr. Crosty's window."

Ed left in a rush, returned once for his glove, and was off again. He met George at the corner and the two new friends were soon hurling the insults of comradeship at each other. "Butterfingers!" "You couldn't catch a cold!" "I might be able to hit the ball if you pitched it below six feet."

The two boys were very different in spite of their mutual interest. Ed was short for ten with a blond crew cut and a freckled face. He had a good throwing arm, but the bat was a little too much for him. George was an excellent batter. The few extra inches height and his stocky build gave him power, but too much energy to control his pitches. His black hair, waved in front, strayed down the back of his neck where he badly needed a haircut.

"Play ball! Man, what're doing? Hatchin' eggs?"

"Can't George. I've got to go home. I promised Mom."

"Gee, it is late. Just pitch me one more ball and I'll walk you home."

"Good deal!"

The echoes of a very off-key "Three Blind Mice" trailed the boys home.

"Mom, Dad, this is George. He's in the fourth grade at St. Matthew's too. Dad, he's really a keen batter. He's teaching me how to develop my swing. Isn't that great?"

"Hello, George, Ed, you're a little late, wash up for dinner."

"See you on the bus tomorrow, George. Hope you're not late for dinner. Hey, tonight practice the grip I showed you; it'll give you more control on the ball. Guess I'd better go wash. Goodbye."

Mr. Anderson called Ed into the living room after he closed the door. "Ed, I really like your little friend, George; but your mother and I don't want you to play with him anymore."

"But, why?"

"Well, son, you and I know that everyone is our brother. You just had it in last week's catechism lesson; but that isn't quite the way the world works now. Here in Illinois there are some people who just do not like the Portuguese, and George is Portuguese. Didn't you notice how dark his skin is?"

"But Dad—Mom, you understand. George is real terrific; I can't see where he's any different—"

"Dear, we know he isn't different; it's other people who can't understand. They could hurt you or your father or even little George if you continue to go around with him. Have your father and I ever told you anything that wasn't for your own good? Please, dear, don't question us; you'll realize later that we're right."

"I guess so, Mom; but I hope not."

## Mary, the First Christopher

By Sister Marie de Lourdes, C.S.J.

A Jewish maid, twice seven years and one, knelt deep in contemplation at the close of day. Her thoughts were more than the long, long thoughts of youth; for Mary's soul was filled with the mysteries contained in the psalms she was reciting at her evening prayers—the psalms of David, her ancestor, which at this time were accepted by all as Messianic:

*The Lord said to my Lord  
Sit down at my right hand . . .  
From the womb before the day star  
I begot thee . . .*

She meditated on the prophecies of Isaias:

*There shall come forth a rod of the root of Jesse, and a flower  
shall rise up out of his root, and the spirit of the Lord shall  
rest upon him . . .*

*For a child is born to us;  
A Son has been given to us. . . .*

Mary also knew from the words of the prophets that the time for the coming of the Messiah was near at hand; that He was to be born in Bethlehem, of the House of David; that He was to be the ruler of Israel; and she longed ardently for the Redeemer—for peace between God and men. She desired the Redeemer, not for herself, but for the whole human race.

It was during the fervor of this meditation that she suddenly saw—and felt—a strange light fill the little room; that she saw standing before her the Angel Gabriel, and heard his mysterious words:

*Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee;  
blessed art thou among women . . .*

What does he mean—this bright messenger bowing before her! Gabriel continues:

*Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found grace with God.  
Thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shall bear a  
Son, and thou shalt call His name Jesus.*

Mary is still fearful? Her vow? How can this be done? The angel explains:

*The power of the Most High shall overshadow thee.  
And therefore also the Holy which shall be born  
of thee shall be called the son of God . . .*

It had come—that moment filled with mystery, love, and fear! And it was hers to answer *yes* or *no*. Gabriel and the whole court of heaven waited. “That Mary could have any choice at all,” says Father Faber, in *Bethlehem*, “is a complete revelation of God in itself—nevertheless the fact is beyond controversy.” Yes, that moment had come when the Creator waited for the consent of one of His creatures—God on one side and humanity on the other.

We were there too, each one of us; and at some critical moment of our lives He would ask: Will *you* bear Christ for Me; will you give up what is dearest to you to bring Christ to others? To be a Christopher? And an Almighty God would wait for our answer, just as He waits each day that Holy Mass is offered. He waits for the Priest to pronounce the words of consecration before He comes down to us on the altar—as He waited for that “*fiat*” before He would come down on that first altar—Mary.

And now, while angels wait, the answer comes from the Virgin’s lips:

*Behold the handmaid of the Lord  
Be it done to me according to thy word.*

This is the “yes” that was to make all the difference in God’s redeemable world.” And at that instant, the Word came straight from the Heart of God the Father, on a ray of the Holy Spirit, into Mary’s virgin womb, cribbed in the folds of her humility. “And the Word was made flesh . . . amongst us.” A man-God was created and Mary became the first Christopher. “In the mind of the Holy Trinity, Mary is the first Primogenitor” (Terrain, *La Mere de Dieu*).

*Through this sealed gate, He enters and none other.  
Now in our souls conceive and bear your Son.*

(SISTER MARIS STELLA)

Mary kneels in rapture, feeling a reverent closeness to her Lord and God in the Incarnation, and knowing that “in surrendering to the Holy Spirit and becoming the Bride of Life, she wed God to the whole human race and made the whole world pregnant with the Life of Christ.”

And here, in a little room at Nazareth was made the most ecstatic, the most reverent, the most perfect thanksgiving after Holy Communion, that a human being was ever to make. But now, during this rapturous *Te Deum* comes the thought of the angel’s announcement concerning Elizabeth:

*And behold thy cousin Elizabeth, she also hath conceived a son in her old age and this is the sixth month with her that is called barren; because no word shall be impossible with God.*

Of course—Elizabeth will need her. She must go to her at once.



St. Alphonsus Ligouri tells us that Mary, after she had heard these words concerning Elizabeth, was interiorly enlightened by the Holy Ghost to know that the Word which had taken human flesh and had already become her Son, wished to commence manifesting to the world the riches of His mercy by the first graces that He desired to impart to all that family.

Since Mary was the most honored of the House of David, could it be that Jesus' first act of mercy toward her would be to make this journey a perfectly joyful one—her honeymoon, as it were? Did He not once at a wedding feast change His divine plans to give His Mother joy?

"And Mary rising up in those days went into the hill country with haste into the city of Juda." She joined one of the caravans going to Jerusalem for the Paschal feast—she who cradled the little Paschal Lamb in her womb. When the procession entered the temple, Mary knelt in the outer court, known as the court of women, and joined in the recitation of the psalms; Send forth, Lord, the Lamb . . . Would, O God, Thou wouldst burst the heavens asunder and descend. . . . Show us thy face and we shall be saved.

And Mary thought—in nine months I shall show them His divine face, and He will save them. "Mary is the Mother of the Redeemer and as long as the merits are being applied, so long must she be associated with the gifts of the Redeemer Who is in a true sense her gift to us . . ."

After Mary's visit to the temple she resumed her journey. She went "in haste" to take Jesus to her venerable relative. Charity, says St. Ambrose, admits of no stoppage or delay.

It was spring, she was young, and her heart was filled with a divine love—all conducive to great poetry; and so Mary poured forth her psalms with joy:

*I recite my poem for the King: my tongue is the pen of a ready scribe . . .*

*Sing to the Lord a new song, because He has done wonderful things . . .*

*Shout joyfully to the Lord, all ye lands, be glad and rejoice and make melody.*

And the knowing wind swirling around the virgin form of the little Christopher caught her melody and rushed on to the east, to the west, to the north, to the south, to inspire poets to sing of "Christ the King." Her song inspired poets from the apostolic times, through the early ages of faith, through the medieval ages; from Chaucer to Donne; she became "the Blessed Lantern" to poets of the Age of Transition; "A flame to the Romantics," and "A Lady of Letters" inspiring poets from the nineteenth centuries to the present time.

But Mary's own majestic poetry concerning her divine Son was sung when she reached the house of Zachary upon the Judean hills and met her cousin Elizabeth; when

*Each with a sanctuary in her keeping,  
sought refuge with her closest woman kin.  
Ah, the Savior in her was just in bloom,  
but joy already in her cousin's womb  
had quickened the little Baptist into leaping.*

(RILKE)

And then, the miracle took place. At Mary's greeting—The Lord be with you,

*"The infant leaped in her womb. And Elizabeth was filled  
with the Holy Ghost: and she cried out with a loud voice,  
and said; blessed art thou among women, and blessed is  
the fruit of thy womb."*

And Mary's answer was that sublime canticle—the Magnificat, so sacred to every Christian in every age.

According to St. Alphonsus Ligouri, Mary at this time became the Channel through which flowed the first graces, that we know to have been given upon earth by the Word after He had become incarnate. The Old Testament had given way to the New and Mary, in her Magnificat, had linked the past with the present. Her work as a Christopher had begun in earnest. Through her "grace was communicated to the Baptist, the Holy Ghost to Elizabeth, the gift of prophecy to Zachary," and now during the three months she was to remain in her cousin's home—praying, talking, sleeping, waking, recreating,—each act was a giving of Christ to this family which represented the families of the whole human race.

Prayer, of course, as Father James Keller states, is the most important work of a Christopher, and family prayer in the Christian world, had here its beginning. The Magnificat and the Benedictus—those two sublimely beautiful canticles—were composed in the house of Zachary.

And now, Mary was to return to her own little home in Nazareth: "Mary abode with Elizabeth about three months and she returned home." She must take Jesus to Joseph, to the Nazarenes, and to all who need Him, just as "we must carry Him in our hearts to wherever He must go; and there are many places to which He may never go unless we take Him to them." (Houselander) And so, Mary carried Christ back to her people—carried Him tenderly, protectingly, in the tabernacle beneath her heart, as a priest carries Him in the pyx to the sick, the poor, and to all who cannot come to Him. Indeed we may say that Mary is the first priest to make a sickcall, for no doubt the afflicted she visited during her pregnancy

were cured in body or soul by the nearness of Jesus Incarnate. "Only Christbearers can restore the world to life and give humanity back the vitality of love."

\* \* \*

It was early spring when Mary obeyed the Angel's call to visit Elizabeth; it was late fall when she heard of the order of Caesar Augustus demanding that all his subjects enroll in the respective places of their birth. But whether duty is sweetened by the breath of spring, or bitten by the bitter winds of winter—a Christopher must answer the call. And Mary, the first Christ-bearer again gives her "Fiat," recalling the words of the prophet:

*And thou Bethlehem Ephrata  
Out of thee shall He come forth to me,  
that is to be the Ruler of Israel.  
And His going forth is from the beginning,  
from the days of eternity.*

Bethlehem it must be, and Mary and Joseph prepared for the journey. Artists have represented Mary as mounted on an ass—that "Poor little foal of an oppressed race," and Joseph walking by her side.

On they traveled through clusters of oak, past olive groves, side by side with well groomed camels bearing beautiful women in silk and velvet mantles, and long flowing veils. The humble couple were in the melee but not of it. The Mother of God wrapped her simple cape closer around her Treasure, and smiled at Joseph whose knowing look said, "If they but knew."

And the donkey, impatient for the first time, looked up at the proud camel and brayed, "Fool: I carry the Mother of a King upon my back. I am the Christopher of a royal Christopher!" And Mary and Joseph smiled again.

They were happy, these two, notwithstanding the bleak weather and their anxiety; they continued their journey until they saw the city of Kings seated on a high hill—Bethlehem. As they entered the gate, Mary spoke softly to her unborn Child: "We are here little Son of God. It is raining and the wind is cold, but you are safe, my dearest. I am between You and the harsh blasts as I shall ever be between You and sinners."

And to Joseph she said, "Let us find a safe shelter in haste." Jesus was still hers—hers! A little while now, and she would have to give Him to the whole world—and between them it would never be the same again.

\* \* \*



Christophers are often disappointed in their work, and become discouraged when those to whom they speak the word of Christ are indifferent, unbelieving, and sometimes even harsh. Watch the first little Christopher as she and Joseph go from door to door to find someone who will receive "the Word made Flesh." Observe the humility of these two, who were of David's lineage, as they are repulsed by rude inn-keepers; by relations and friends who tell them there is no room in their homes.

Watch the weary couple, you Priests of God who, though sometimes unwelcome, knock at the doors of the indifferent hoping they will open their hearts to Christ. Follow them, you Religious who have devoted your lives to rich and poor, adult and child—regardless of race or creed.

And you, the Laity, to whom our saintly Popes have addressed the request that you restore all things in Christ through Mary follow Mary and Joseph to the cave in the mountain side. See the Virgin Mother gazing on her newborn Son as she wraps Him in swaddling clothes and lays Him in a manger. She gives Him to you, that you may continue the work of Christophers that she began when she said: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done to me according to thy word." (After all, says Rev. James Keller, "it is *your* world, *your* government, *your* atomic energy, *your* college, *your* labor problems, *your* social service." Listen to Mary as she kneels by the crèche and chants:

*Thou art my Son,  
This day have I begotten Thee,  
Ask of me, and I will give Thee  
The Gentiles for Thy inheritance,  
And the uttermost parts of the earth  
for Thy possession.*

(Ps. II, 6-8)

## Profit and Loss

By Claudette Drennan

*Awarded Honorable Mention, Short Story Division  
Atlantic Monthly National Creative Writing Contest*

Eddie scored criss-crosses in his cold toast. Why did they take so long just to eat breakfast? Bobbie Armstrong had a tadpole, and maybe today, or even this morning, it was going to turn into a frog.

"Don't waste your food!" said his mother crossly. She pointed her fork at his chopped toast, then angrily withdrew the fork to its proper position on her plate.

"How many times have I told you not to waste your food? And look at all that nice butter and jelly! Don't you think the Korean children might like some of that nice butter and jelly?"

Eddie dropped the knife. It slithered off the table by itself, clanging against the rungs of his chair, and bounced twice on the linoleum.

"Colleen," said Eddie's father, "that's just what I was talking about." He heaped sugar into his coffee. "He doesn't know the value of sterling silver! Why not get him one of those plastic kiddie sets?" "How is he going to learn nice manners if he doesn't handle decent silver?" Mrs. Basset picked the fallen knife from the floor and polished it gently with her napkin.

"Well, you have full charge of him. That was our agreement," he looked at her over the rim of his cup, gulping down the last mouthfuls, "But don't forget, it's YOUR silver!"

Mrs. Basset sighed, ignoring his stare. Gauging the distance of his cup from the table, she began to fold her napkin, holding it ready for the moment the cup nested safely in its saucer.

Eddie tensed for a quick getaway. The cup landed. Mrs. Basset laid the napkin neatly to her left on the table. Breakfast was over.

Immediately, Eddie began to squirm away from the table. Hooking his feet contentedly around the front legs of his chair, he energetically rocked out into the open.

Mrs. Basset turned angrily, but Howard spoke first, "Wait a minute son. I have a surprise for you this morning."

Eddie stopped rocking. "You mean we're going fishing today, huh? Is that it Dad?"

"Hmm . . . no," Howard fingered his dry mustache, "This would be a good day for it, but I have a big, fat, mean, money-mongering boss who likes to see me at work on Saturdays." He expanded back into his chair. "This is a different kind of surprise."

Eddie picked up this morning's box of cereal, suddenly interested in nothing but a green and purple picture of Cowboy Tex. He wasn't going to cry in front of them. Really he wasn't.

Howard drew out his large alligator wallet and poked through the change. He glanced at Eddie, then losing patience, "Look here Eddie, I'm talking to you!"

Eddie lowered Cowboy Tex into his lap. Howard waited silently for him to replace the cereal box on the table.

"Your mother and I think that now you're in the first grade you're old enough to have a little money of your own. We're going to start you out with an allowance of five cents a week that will get BIGGER AND BIGGER as you grow up." He paused expectantly.

Eddie struggled with an urge to scratch his eyebrows, or his waist where the belt covered it. He sighed, wishing Howard would hurry.

Discomfited by Eddie's blank patience, Howard continued more heavily, "It's a big responsibility, but it'll teach you the value of money. Right now a nickel doesn't mean anything to you. Your mother and I give you everything, and you don't have any idea of all the work that goes into it. But," he pressed his fist against his folded napkin, pausing significantly, "If I'm successful, someday you'll have plenty of reason to know how to handle money!" He shoved away from the table, spearing a nickel from his wallet to push across the table to Eddie.

Eddie nodded, scooped the nickel off the table. "Thanks a lot, Dad." He slid out of his chair, carefully avoiding a certain square in the linoleum.

"Oh wait a minute, don't go away now," said Mrs. Basset, smiling now. "Remember, Howie, we promised Eddie we'd say the blessing Sister taught him at school."

"Oh, hmm, yes." He waved a large hand at his forehead.

"In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. We give thee thanks, almighty God, for all Thy benefits. Amen."

"You left out the souls of the faithful departed," said Eddie, looking up.

"Well," Howard smiled, "the important part was there!"

Mrs. Basset lifted her cheek for his goodby kiss.

"Sorry I have to be gone on Saturday again, Colleen," but executive vice-presidents aren't made working eight hours a day, five days a week!" He kissed her lightly. "I guess I'll be home around five-thirty. Hurry up, Eddie, if you want to ride down the driveway with me. I'm a little late this morning."

Eddie yanked on the sweater that Mrs. Basset thrust at him, hurriedly explained that he would go over to Bobbie Armstrong's after Dad left, and streaked out the back door.

"All aboard," shouted Howard, gunning the idling motor.

Eddie climbed carefully on the left front fender, nodding to Howard's warning "Watch that paint job."

Howard backed slowly into the street, stopped for Eddie to slip down to the pavement, then with a last backward wave, roared away.

Too bad Dad was never home on Saturdays. A while back they were going to build a shack together, and lots of times Dad had marked the calendar to take him fishing. Something was always getting in the way at the office. The boss must be an ole pot. Someday, though, Dad said, they would be able to buy a horse, and then Eddie could be a real cowboy and ride everywhere.

He took the nickel out of his pocket and inspected it carefully. This was the GOOD kind of nickel. It had an Indian head on one side and buffalo on the other. In the old days, Dad said, the cowboys used to hunt buffalo. It was too bad there weren't any more buffalo. That was probably why the ole new nickels didn't have buffalo pictures on them.

He held the nickel up in front of the sun. By squinting one eye he could see how the nickel became its own sun with all the light shining around it. What should he do with it? He tried to think of something to buy. There was already some gum on the kitchen shelf for him, so why should he buy gum? And a nickel wasn't enough to buy anything big.

He tried rolling the nickel down one of the long creases on the pine tree in the Basset parkway. The slant was too steep. The nickel kept falling out into the air.

What did you do with your first nickel? He pressed it into his eye for a monocle, caught it falling, then put it back into his pocket. Maybe he would think of something later.

He braced himself against the pine tree and began to roar loudly then softly, juicing up his rocket motor for a take off. At a steady hum he pushed away from the tree, pointing himself down the street for Bobbie Armstrong's.

Turning the corner by Bobbie's house, he switched to a low purr, then glided to a stop at their meeting-place tree.

"BOBBIE-Bobbie, BOBBIE-Bobbie," he called sing-song. He waited a few seconds, then continuing to call, climbed into his half of the tree and settled himself on his best branch.

"BOBBIE-Bobbie, BOBBIE-Bobbie." He waited.

No one came. Bobbie was probably being kept in till he finished his milk.

Eddie started again on a higher note. "BAWbee, BAWbee!"

Why didn't Bobbie finish his milk so he could come out and play! What a baby!

He decided to pass the time as a jungle tree full of different kinds of animals.

"Boppie-Whoppie!" he squeaked monkeyish. You needed a tail to swing around calling that one.

"BOB-AY, BOB-AY, BOB-AY," he growled hoarsely, bear voice.

"Boobie Trap!" he screamed. At least he could have his arms for parrot wings.

"Hey baby, baby, Bobbie," he yodeled, slipping up and down the scale. Was that what jungle birds sounded like?

Mrs. Armstrong, holding a bathrobe closed with one hand, opened the front door.

"Eddie Basset, will you please go home! Bobbie left EARLY this morning to go fishing with his father. I should think you'd know he wasn't coming without all that racket! Now you just go home before I call your mother." She slammed the door.

Eddie slid out of the tree. Gosh, now what was he going to do today? Bobbie was lucky. He was always going fishing with his father. Whenever he asked Dad, he was always going to the office to make money so their family could be happy. But maybe someday Eddie would have a horse. That would be lots better than Bobbie's ole tadpoles.

Once more on the sidewalk, he turned his rocket to low juice, pushing slowly and jerkily back down the street. There was always Patsy Sticks to play with. But all she wanted to do was play dolls. Last time though, had been fun. Moving all the furniture out of her big doll house, and putting in one of her father's white rabbits was more like doing something. That ole rabbit ate six breakfasts, eight lunches, and five dinners—and at least ten of these had been menus that HE'D figured out. Once toward the beginning, he even ate some chopped Camphor leaves for a real Chinese dinner! He speeded up his rocket. Anyway, he could at least go over there and see what was going on.

Turning down the driveway of Patsy's house he decided to go around back and knock instead of call. He purred to a stop on the porch steps, standing tiptoe to peer through the window and see if anyone was around. Things looked ready for a washing, but the door leading to the kitchen was closed.

He stepped back and rapped, not too loudly, on the white door panels, then listened to see if anyone was coming. He was going to try again when someone cautiously opened the inside kitchen door. Mrs. Sticks, head ringed with curlers, looked sidelong out of the back window. Seeing Eddie, she hurried forward and banged down the upper pane.



"Oh so you came over here! Well, I thought I told your mother over the phone that I don't want you to play with Patsy any more. Now I don't believe in scolding children to their faces, but that little rabbit you tortured is very sick! Now I'm sorry I can't have you here, but I thought I told your mother!"

"Gosh, we didn't torture . . ." Eddie began, but Mrs. Sticks shook her curlers angrily, closing the window and locking it tight.

Eddie walked slowly down the driveway, fingering the nickel in his pocket. Didn't ANYBODY'S mother like him? But anyway mommy would tell that old Mrs. Sticks to be nice to him. And anyway, mommy and Dad always said they loved him very much.

He felt suddenly very warm toward them. Why not give them his nickel for a present! Or better, why not buy them something wonderful with it! He juiced his rocket to full roar, leaving behind the whole block of Armstrongs and Stickeses.

Eddie hardly slowed down to open the gleaming glass and steel door of Mokle's Modern Grocery. Fred Mokle, crisply smocked back to the door, glanced over his shoulder as the door banged, frowned on seeing Eddie, and went back to parceling cigars into small wooden cubicles.

"Mr. Mokle," said Eddie, putting one elbow confidentially on the counter, "What is the nicest thing you can buy for your Dad and Mommy with a nickel?"

Mokle, frown eased, put down the cigar box and turned his firm neat figure to the front counter. "Well now, fella," he peeled off a sale dishcloth from a stack under the counter and busied himself polishing the window of his cash register, "I guess the nicest thing you can give them is the thing you would like best yourself?" He stepped back to admire his handiwork. \$5.95 shone comfortably through the clean glass.

"Somebody's birthday?"

Eddie shook his head. "No, just a present. What do YOU think they'd like best?"

"Well, fella, you just look at all the things at this end of the counter. They're all a nickel." He glanced uneasily at a regular customer turning in the door. "After I help this lady find what she wants, 'I'll come back to you."

He followed the woman across the store, scooping up a bag along the way to hold politely for the oranges she picked off a steep pyramid.

Eddie mused over the rows of silver and gold and red and blue candy wrappers. Which to choose? How could you tell the difference?

"Now just move down there a little, fella, while I take care of this lady," said Fred, leading his customer back to the cash register. "I'll be with you in just a minute."

He dinged the cash register energetically, telling Eddie's story to the woman while counting out her change, dropping a few compli-

ments handing her the bag of oranges, sending her away with a smile.

Eddie edged back to his place. "Mr. Mokle, did you say all these cost a nickel? Well, I want to give BOTH Dad and Mommy something."

"Why don't you try these caramels," suggested Mokle, pointing out a small narrow box covered with cellophane.

"Say, that's a good idea," said Eddie admiringly. He held his hand high and let the nickel fall on the counter with a satisfying clang.

"There it is. Now give me the caramels!"

Eddie gulped his dinner, keeping one eye on Mrs. Basset to stay just within the furthest limits of speed. As usual, he mulled silently his own exciting secrets, though tonight with a shade less condescension for Colleen and Howard. Pretty soon they would know.

The final blessing over at last, Eddie anxiously reminded his mother, "Remember I asked you and you said you would wait a minute after dinner." Then triumphantly, "I brought you a present."

He pulled out a crumpled white bag and shook from it the small package of caramels.

"Why that's very nice Eddie," said Mrs. Basset, kissing him. "That's a sweet boy to think of your father and mother. Where did you get them?"

"I bought them from Mokle's Grocery with my nickel," said Eddie proudly.

"WHAT!" said Howard. "Is THAT how you spent your money?"

Eddie turned shocked eyes to his mother.

"Eddie, honey, your father means that buying candy is a poor way to spend your whole allowance . . . maybe a penny's worth for yourself, but. . ."

"Now, Eddie boy," said Howard, sorry for his sudden sharpness, "don't you know that having money of your own implies the responsibility of using it wisely?"

He turned to Mrs. Basset, "I suppose he's too young, Colleen. I think sometimes we push him too hard." Then back to Eddie, "Now, son, why did you go and buy candy the very first minute you had money of your own? Don't you know that's wasteful and careless?"

"But I didn't know what to DO with it," said Eddie. "I didn't know what to DO with it."

"Well, now, Colleen, we should have known that he was too young and wouldn't know what to do with it," repeated Howard disappointedly.

"We might get him a nice little bank," she suggested.

"Leen, honey, there's a good idea!" said Howard brightening. Then with growing exuberance, "Eddie, we'll get you one of those nice banks, maybe one of the ones that looks like a cash register. Wouldn't you like that?"

Eddie nodded.

"And I'll tell you what," Howard went on, bustling now with energy, "For every dollar you save, I'll put in a dollar, and then someday you'll have enough to buy your own horse!"

He stood up, patting Eddie on the head with one hand, scooping up his paper with the other. "Well, that settles that. I'll be in the den if anyone phones, Colleen."

Mrs. Basset began to gather up the dishes.

"Eddie," she said, taking away his plate, "run along. Don't just sit at the table when mommy is trying to clear things."

Eddie climbed slowly off the chair, walked slowly in the direction of the den. Cowboy John Andrews would be coming on television soon. Dad always let him turn off the fights for Cowboy John Andrews.

But he stopped at the door of the hall closet, opened it, then closed himself inside the darkness. Of course he wasn't going to make a fuss or anything. He just wanted to be alone for a while. He felt through the coats on the hangers, struggling with Colleen's flappy buttoned ones, with Howard's huge wools, pushing them toward the wall.

He found his own rain coat at last, put his head in the flannel lining and cried.

## Considerate Foresight As an Art

By Catherine Kigami

Considerate foresight is an important characteristic of the Japanese people. We Japanese are instructed in the light of our old wise man's proverb: "Prepare for a rainy day, although it is not raining now." I still have a deep impression of these words, as I shall illustrate in the following story.

One special day I visited a friend's house for a tea party with a famous teacher and a few elderly women. It was three years ago. Then the social condition in Japan was tense because the status of business was not balanced. Therefore the money classes were in danger of "breaking their neck," as we say. (The words "break their neck" are a Japanese idiom, but they are more picturesque than the English synonym "economic depression.") On that day some persons were in this same danger of "breaking their neck," in a different way. They were in danger of breaking our ancient traditional customs, or, as we say, of making a *faux pas*.

The first ceremony was finished, and the second ceremony was beginning at the tea party ceremony which a neighbor was giving.

The guest was a very famous teacher. The guest opened the little door, of the tea ceremony room which you see illustrated<sup>1</sup> on another page. This door leads into the special room for the second ceremony. The guest looked inside the room. Then what a shock she had! She found the camellia flower, which is the most elegant flower and is supposed to be used in the special tea ceremony vase, on the floor (the mat). She stepped back and said "excuse me" to the next guest, who happened to be myself. Her voice was just loud enough to be heard by the hostess at the other door. Then she closed the door again as before. Therefore, the other guests did not know what had happened inside the room. The hostess disappeared for a moment. When the principal guest opened the door after a couple of minutes, she saw a beautiful camellia flower in the vase again, fresher and prettier than the first one. Then we all followed the guest into the second room.

This action gave me a very nice impression. I also learned that we should imitate this teacher's action toward the hostess. And I knew that the teacher's mind was very beautiful, because if the teacher had not known how to inform the hostess without letting the other guests notice, the broken camellia would have been a disgrace for the hostess, which might have upset the peaceful atmosphere of the tea ceremony. But because of the hostess's considerate foresight in preparing an extra flower, and because of the foresight of the guest, the ceremony was beautiful. Also, I learned that the minds of the hostess and the guest were beautiful..

Now you see what I want to illustrate by this story: that considerate foresight, as a part of good manners, is also a part of art. This art is manifested 1) as it forms our *philosophy* of life and therefore directs all *our* actions; 2) as it helps us to appreciate this beautiful quality in *other people*; and 3) as it makes us perform the beautiful *action itself*. Hence I think that the statement "considerate foresight is an art" is true. Therefore it is important for us to "prepare for a rainy day, although it is not raining now."

<sup>1</sup> Omitted.

## A DESERT SYMPHONY

By Sister Mary Jean, C.S.J.

*Maestro Palos Verdes stood  
With arms upstretched and ready.  
Some chipmunks whispered that they thought  
His baton not too steady!*

*A fluted tone, a rippled chord,  
Barrel cacti drums beat loud,  
The great Saguaro played his cello  
And rather stiffly, bowed*

*Young cottontails all nudged each other,  
"He's wonderful to hear!"  
But a plump grey owllet hooted out,  
"You should hear him practice, dear!"*

*The woodwind section carried on,  
Then brass, with stag-horns leading,  
While West Wind trilled a plaintive tune  
Like white-winged doves' sad pleading.*

*The lizards sniffed, the snakes all wriggled,  
And daubed their tear-dimed eyes,  
Coyotes in the audience  
Could not restrain their cries.*

*When suddenly the music changed,  
Mesquite viols sang brightly,  
An ocotilla, gaunt and stern,  
His oboe played so sprightly.*

*Crescendos grew fortissimos,  
At least, the crowning measure!  
Applause was like a thunder clap  
As the desert voiced its pleasure.*

*The chollas jumped in sheer delight,  
The quail fled out demurely,  
Fat horny-toads and tall-eared jacks  
All burrowed home securely.*

*A cloud leaned toward the moon to say,  
"What a very pleasant hour!"  
"Indeed!" And then the curtain fell  
In a cool, refreshing shower!*



## Modern Hagiography (continued)

By Sister Bernardine Marie Newman, C.S.J.

Evelyn Waugh, veteran of World War II, member of the British House of Commons, and man of letters, announced, after his conversion, his desire to write a life of the Jesuit martyr, Edmund Campion and created something like consternation.

"One critic begged him, almost with tears in his eyes, not to let himself in for something that would be just about as cheerful as a wet Sunday afternoon in Manchester. But the book was written. Anyone who has spent a wet afternoon in Manchester can read the book and compare the sensations."

Evelyn Waugh in vivid style shows Edmund Campion's courage in using his brilliant intelligence in spite of what was happening to his body. Waugh paints him in agony from a triple racking, giving the speech not only of an unconquered, but of an untouched spirit:

"In condemning us you condemn all your ancestors."

At a time when we are recalling most of the virtues of our ancestors there is one virtue we worship. It is courage. Edmund Campion had it. Evelyn Waugh gives us its portrait.

We all like to keep the doors closed when it is cold outside; and of course it is most uncomfortable to realize that all is in flux about us. Someone who has been swirling in a torrent, carried from vortex to vortex, but finally is let down safely on a rocky ledge may have a feeling of new security and say harsh things about the water. Waugh, realizing this has ignored the traditions of the past. He has broken away from rigidity and prudish expression. In spite of critic opinion like Robert Graves', English poet and novelist expressed in "Partisan Review" which singles out Mr. Waugh;

"I can see no evidence why he (Waugh) evinces any particular anxiety to save souls. He appears to be impressed only by the dramatic possibilities of the spiritual life and by the Church's amusingly strict stand on the sixth commandment. Waugh has not become a whit more Christ-like. When he turns his bowler hat into a begging bowl and carries a palmer's ragged staff instead of a rolled silk umbrella, I shall be less reluctant to believe in the reported revival."

The "Good News," the Gospels lived in the lives of our triumphant brethren, has not lost its power, however. Evil and enemies and perverse critics are still rendered powerless by the Word of God which can burst the hearts of modern writers and make them magnify the Lord. The Mass is the Sacrifice of the Word made Flesh, of the Mystical Body, the reality of which resides in the hearts of all true Christians. Its effect is to give the strength of love of God; to send

Christians into the world with courage and joy; to gather men to God; to go out as the Apostles did, full of the "Good News" which can still delight men of all ages and tribes. Christians, with pens, no longer behave as timid virgins alone in a hostile world. God used Leon Bloy as the channel through which he sent the grace of faith to Jacques Maritain and his wife, Raissa. Bloy brought them, for the first time, face to face with Christianity's tidings, by saying:

"There is but one sadness; not to belong to the saints."

He read to them the lives of the saints and kindled within them a spark of love for these noble heroes of God.

"Sentimental prosing about the saints is bad, but the reaction has its dangers. The truth is that if a man does not write a saint's life on his knees, he will make nothing of it. He should not be constantly pointing to his knees or drawing public attention to his clasped hands, but an intense reverence is vital. Given that, two things seem to be required: first, that the writer should be aiming at the truth, sparing no labor, since it is only from the facts that the saint himself can be known and not from a mixture of psychology and guesswork, shirking nothing—since the most unpleasant truth is more edifying than the most edifying falsehood; second, be able to write."

If anyone is still curious to know what this all means let him read Henri Gheon's *Cure d' Ars*. The best introduction to Catholicism lies in the lives of saints, not only because in them you have essential Christianity, but because the saints are of a sort to interest that huge outside public which is quite certain that it has no interest in sanctity.

"Henri Gheon paints only the best people. He paints saints. Why does he thus restrict himself? First, to avoid monotony; men are in their essential personality irreducibly diverse; but sin blots out the distinctions and reduces the diversity; sin drains out the color of the man (which is his own and inimitable) and replaces it with the color of sin which is common property; all sinners look less like themselves and more like one another.

"Second, to secure vitality; his kind of painting demands unlessened vitality in the sitter; sin, being a following of the line of least resistance inevitably lessens vitality. Virtue of course does not mean the absence of sin; it means the right direction of energy."

To quote Chesterton:

"If you think virtue has languor, just try it and see."

Compared with the stoic saints of the old tradition, Gheon's saints are as masterpieces next to monstrosities. His saints' lives are windows through which we behold the Divinity.

Christendom's largest threat and the Holy Father's chief concern today is the immense drift away from God. In response to material-

istic philosophy's aggressive drive, American hagiographers have not been idle, believing that the spirit of faith, love, penance and conquering hope, a literal living of the Gospel, the same spirit which animated the saints, can give spiritual victory. They have challenged the plaster type version of hagiography and have dared to show saints as people.

James Broderick, S.J., writes his *Procession of Saints* with a humor which is pleasant, mentioning Blessed Ralph Corby's worsted stockings always being in need of repairs, and with even more laughter describes a prefect of studies named Father Thunder, whose name suited him down to the ground. He gives the holy people color; he manifests them, afire with suffering and zeal to keep freedom in men's souls, counterparts in their own times of Cardinal Mindszenty. "The Catholic Book Club Newsletter" comment on this book describes it as "a baker's dozen of saints' lives, which will appeal to a variety of reading tastes: those of the seeker after knowledge, after inspiration, after sources of reflection, after splendid writings."

As *the Morning Star* by Marian Habig, O.F.M., unfolds the life of Francis of Assisi, "the morning star which shone most brilliantly during his last years on earth; it tells the story of his passing rather than the story of his life. Chapter X pictures the Poor Man of God lost in Christ due to the stigmata. A new kind of meditation on death is given in Chapter XI, exemplified by one who had a unique attitude toward death and whose own departure from life was a joyful home-going, devoid of mournfulness.

To recapitulate we use the words of Pius XI:

"The more perfectly our oblation and our sacrifice corresponds to the sacrifice of Christ—in other words, the more we sacrifice self, passions, and crucify our flesh with that mystical crucifixion of which the Apostle speaks—the more abundant will be the fruits of propitiation and expiation that we shall receive for ourselves and for others."

(Miserentissimus Redemptor)

This is the time for a spiritual offensive. The number of those selfless hagiographers will grow, ennobled by a sense of responsibility to their brethren. They have not failed to show the sacrificial Christian life, knowing that the salvation of the world in every sense, depends upon their efforts.

Francis Sheed in *Saints Are Not Sad*, portrays in vivid style the heroic Christian spirit of Perpetua and Felicitas. In the fearlessness of these young nursing mothers, we see the Divine method traced out by a sacrificial oblation of life, a crucifixion of the flesh in union with Christ. The coming of the Spirit over the dry bones of human nature is seen in this reading.

The spiritual revival is stirring the hearts of our people. The Spirit indeed is brooding over our contemporary world.

*MAGNIFICAT*  
*A TRIBUTE TO MARY IN THE MARIAN YEAR*

*Written and presented in Choric Speech*  
*Illustrated by Tableaux*  
**By the Novices and Postulants**  
**of the Western Province of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet**

*The occasion was the Annual Educational Conference*  
*held in July, 1954*

*Before the moon—*  
*Before the sun—*  
*Before the stars—*  
*Mary was conceived in the mind of God.*  
*Before the hills, the valleys and the rivers,*  
*Her perfection, her purity*  
*Existed before time itself;*  
*Yet she knew all of time and space*  
*And life and death;*  
*For when the heavens were prepared,*  
*She was there.*

*God smiled upon the world;*  
*She watched the Divine Artist gently*  
*Blend soft shades of green;*  
*She stood by His side as He painted the*  
*Skies a deep blue;*  
*and touched the fleecy clouds with tints of yellow;*  
*Each touch of His brush brought forth a new truth,*  
*A fragment of His beauty;*  
*He held the universe in His hands*  
*And brought forth*  
*Mountains,*  
*Streams,*  
*Lakes and forests;*  
*Nights of darkness and star lit skies,*  
*Summers of warmth and laughter,*  
*Winters of silence and thought,*  
*Continents. Islands. Oceans.*

*In His goodness He shared His creation with man.  
With men whose minds seek eternal truths  
And hearts yearn for everlasting joy.  
Mary remained in the silence of His heart,  
Playing in the world;  
Delighted with the universe,  
Yet her greatest delight  
Was to be with the children of men.*

*I, America,  
Young and spacious,  
Am infinitely rich  
Filled with the gifts of God.  
My arms are open wide  
Embracing all that is mine;  
My lands have been cleared;  
My black, fertile soil has brought forth  
Golden stalks of wheat;  
My trees have made homes, farms and schools;  
My railroads have stretched across the dry deserts;  
My seaports have stirred at dawn  
While trade and commerce thrive;  
Busy cities have known of wealth and business;  
Universities  
Alive with learning  
Have spoken of knowledge  
Where reason is a bridge to wisdom;  
I have toiled in the heat of the day;  
In the cool of the evening  
I have bowed my head in gratitude;  
Yet in the silence of my thought  
People spoke of a virgin birth.  
A truth long known  
Now verified beyond all doubt;  
Yet I bent not my ear to hear;  
Some there were who heard  
And others—hearing—  
Were afraid to listen;  
Yet Mary still held me in her embrace of love.  
Delighting in my youth,  
My spaciousness;*



*Yet her greatest delight  
 Was still to be with the children of men.  
 But then—  
 My mind was too occupied  
 With trade,  
 With business  
 And with wealth.*

### THE ANNUNCIATION

*High in the silence of the Nazarene hills  
 An angel hovered where a maiden knelt in prayer;  
 She was to be the mother of the Most High God  
 If she would consent.  
 The Maiden whispered "Fiat."  
 And so it was done.*

*On the gloomy windswept heights of Calvary  
 The dying God-Man spoke to all the centuries of time,  
 "Behold thy Mother."  
 The Maiden whispered "Fiat!" within her heart  
 And so it was done.*

*Nineteenth century Europe groped  
 In the thick grey fog of Marxism,  
 Seeking blindly to sate the burning hunger  
 That gnaws at every soul who has lost God.  
 Mary looked sadly down at the seething mass of corrupt souls,  
 And her mother's heart could not abandon them.  
 In the place called Massabielle,  
 By the course of the River Gave  
 Upon a rocky ledge she came  
 To be the herald of her own Marian age.  
 She would remind her children that her mother's heart  
 Was an open refuge for their tortured souls;  
 Mary, Our Lady of Humility,  
 Brought her message to one, simple, humble and pure,  
 Whose soul was not touched by pride,  
 For the proud soul cannot hear the message of the humble.  
 Marie Bernadette Soubirous was the lowest of the low  
 In the eyes of this world.*

*But the Mother of God did not think her unworthy  
To echo her plea to all mankind.  
Mary asked the world  
To do penance that sinners might be saved.  
By what authority did she ask this?  
On the Feast of the Annunciation, 1858,  
She spoke the words the Eternal God  
Had spoken of her in His mind—  
“I am the Immaculate Conception.”  
Her words resounded throughout all of Europe,  
And were carried by the swift winds across the troubled seas—  
And I, America, caught up these words  
And gave them to my children to fortify them  
For the strife that was to come.  
My children hold them fast.  
Their strength remains,  
And in this strength they find  
Their Mary given Hope.*

### THE VISITATION

*Now in those days Mary arose and went with haste  
Into the hill country, to a town of Juda.  
And she entered the house of Zachary and saluted Elizabeth.  
And it came to pass when Elizabeth heard the greeting of Mary,  
that the babe in her womb leapt.  
And Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Spirit,  
And cried out with a loud voice, saying,  
“Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy  
womb.  
And how have I deserved that the mother of my Lord should come  
to me?  
For behold, the moment that the sound of thy greeting came to  
my ears,  
The babe in my womb leapt for joy.  
And blessed is she who has believed.  
Because the things promised her by the Lord  
Shall be accomplished.”  
And Mary said:  
“My soul doth magnify the Lord”*

*With a love that knows no limit,  
 With charity without bounds,  
 Mary continues her visitation  
 To people of all kinds in all nations;  
 Her unceasing fervor,  
 Her deep and pure love  
 Takes her to war scourged Italy  
 To famine, poverty stricken Ireland—  
 To her simple children in France—  
 In far off India her loving mission finds a field.  
 Yes, Mary goes in haste to all peoples,  
 To those who love, to those who hate,  
 To those loaded down with trouble,  
 To those un-heedful of her Son,  
 She builds a bridge,  
 But seeing it not they plunge into the abyss.  
 Some hear, too many continue in their futile search  
 For power, fame, beauty,  
 But the road is too plain to see,  
 The voice too distinct to be heard,  
 The light too bright to be seen,  
 Sad, tired, old Europe keeps buzzing around my head  
 Tales of a race for armament, land and power  
 Keep coming to my ears,  
 Will the fighting ever end?  
 When will people in my fair land  
 Pay her Son the homage that is due;  
 When will they turn to the love  
 That is the very source of life, of liberty, of happiness?  
 When will Mary's plea be heard?*

### THE MOTHER OF SORROWS

*The world is such a clean, good thing—  
 When children are at peace.  
 The carefree laugh of nations sings across the seas  
 And hears an echo in the Heart of God.  
 But nations fight, and brothers war against their own,  
 And the sorrowing heart of the Virgin is opened wide again.*

*Mary knew it as she stood beneath the Cross,  
Knew it with the sharp certainty of a Mother's knowledge;  
For just as these, her children, had fastened  
Her First-born to a tree,  
So would younger children quarrel among themselves,  
Pounding small bullet-nails into each other's hands and feet,  
Until her sons lay crucified in the Argonne Forest,  
At Verdun, and Flander's Field;  
Across the years and around the world they lay,  
Their cold, bleeding hands blessing Tripoli and Iwo Jima  
And the smooth white sands of Guam.*

*Mary came to warn the world at Fatima,  
Pleading tenderly, with all a Mother's love;  
For peace and charity.  
Mary held forth high nobility,  
Wisdom begotten by Divinity.*

*But on Good Friday they declared a state of war  
Between myself and Germany.*

*I sent the men, the young and strong of soul  
Those who were the bright promise of my heart.  
Into France they strode, my flag unfurled to the skies;  
They fought and conquered; some returned,  
And some lay still and dead beneath a poppy field.*

*The world lay quiet for a time, breathing hard,  
Patching up her wounds.  
The sons of Mary met and played at politics and spoke of peace.  
But in their own backyards they built their ships and planes  
And trained their wooden soldier-boys to march.*

*Then, on the Eve of her Immaculate Conception, in 1941,  
Her sons flew into the sky to greet the morning-star;  
Looked down and saw a pearl resting in the blue-white sea.  
They struck and fought for it,  
Recoiled and struck again, but were too late.  
The sons of Mary waged their wars again.*

*A few remembered Fatima and prayed,  
Pulling at the hem of her blue mantle;*

*"Mother of Mercy, have mercy on us,  
Give to us your peace.  
Remember your sons are crucified  
On the hard brown wood of Calvary  
And the smooth white sands of Guam."*

### THE ASSUMPTION

*But sorrow was never meant to last forever;  
Sorrow is merely the gateway to joy—  
A joy that knows no end—*

*Pressed down and flowing over,  
And so long centuries ago she had arisen  
Body and soul*

*Immaculate  
As God had dreamed her to be  
Before time was.*

*The universe bowed in silence to the splendor of her beauty.  
The angels gazed in wonder*

*To see how closely she resembled the Eternal Sor*

*She was Queen of all  
But her dearest realm  
Was still the hearts of men.  
They had given her all their sorrows—  
She would return it with her joy  
If only they would let her.*

*And so she heard the prayer of those who had remembered.  
Once more she raised her eyes  
To the face of Infinite Justice  
Once more she heard the Eternal Fiat  
In answer to her own.*

*As twilight knelt over the Appalachians  
And gave her blessing to my wheaten plains  
The exultant ring of Mary's answer flew from West to East  
And bounded back again.  
The war was over.*



*The white pearl, though racked and scarred, could rest in peace.  
The dead bodies of her sons be let down gently from the cross,  
Their spirits rise again  
Through the lives of the children they had never seen.*

*This much we let her give us—  
But that was all  
For soon I was caught up in a breathless whirlpool—  
Great freedom men declared  
Or so they said.  
New ideas of the intelligensia—  
No such thing as absolute norms could exist.  
Society was a law unto itself,  
It caught my young and old in a maddening race  
For time  
Convenience and leisure  
Pleasure  
Thrill  
Excitement.  
The great ego was my chief concern.  
It became a disease eating at my heart.*

*Yet something else was happening.  
Something I became aware of as the days flew on.  
I could feel it seeping up from the valleys  
From the heat of the cotton fields.  
It rose from the mines of Pennsylvania to the skyscrapers of New  
York.  
I heard it echo across the northern lakes  
As it flowed the length of the Mississippi  
And into the plains of Texas.  
Its cry was heard again across the Rockies  
And up through Camino Real it spread like a growing fire,  
As in the greatest of my cities  
Thousands thronged to greet a pilgrim Virgin.  
Slowly the thunder of it increased.  
I could hear what they were saying—  
Hail Mary  
Hail Mary  
Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee  
Pray for us*

*Pray for us  
Now  
And at the hour of our death.*

*If I did not know what was happening then  
I was soon to know it.*

*November 1, 1950*

*The voice of Rome spoke out above the clamor of the world  
And even my unwilling ears could not help listening  
Her message?*

*That Mary was assumed body and soul into heaven must be held as  
A dogma of faith from henceforth and forever.*

*It was a daring challenge  
The challenge of a Queen in glory  
And once again some remembered  
"In the end my Immaculate Heart shall triumph."*

*As for me She had a special claim on me  
She knew.  
And though I would forget  
She had not forgotten.*

### MEDIATRIX OF ALL GRACES

*Hear, O America, the Lord our God is one Lord.  
Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart.  
And with thy whole soul,  
And with thy whole strength.  
And these words which I command thee this day  
Shall be in thy heart; and thou shalt tell them to thy children;  
And thou shalt meditate upon them sitting in thy house,  
And walking on thy journey,  
Sleeping, and rising.*

*The Lord our God is one Lord . . .  
My motto has always been IN GOD WE TRUST,  
For I know, and have acknowledged,  
My prosperity is from Him.  
Out of His creative hands I took my birth,  
And she, the Mistress of all Earth, was ever with me,*

*Obtaining all things necessary.  
For she is all-powerful before the Lord.  
She has entered the throne-room,  
Kissed the outstretched sceptre,  
And won His Heart.  
All that had been His alone, is hers—  
And of the fulness have I received, grace for grace . . .*

*“As the vine I have brought forth a pleasant savor . . .  
And my flowers are the fruit of honor and riches.  
I have stretched forth my branches, and my branches  
Are of honor . . .  
And of grace . . .”*

*And so have I been established in power, justice, truth . . .  
I am the support of nations,  
“America, the beautiful . . .  
Shining . . . stainless . . . invincible . . . merciful.  
But all created good is made susceptible to evil and corruption—  
I am the support of nations.  
If I betray my standard, to whom shall they turn?  
If I am not steadfast, stability shall not be found upon the Earth,  
If my light falters, the Prince of Darkness shall rule.  
Where shall I find purity's unconquerable strength?  
Where shall I find a pledge of security?*

*“In me is all grace of the way and of the truth;  
In me is all hope of life and of virtue . . .  
Can a mother forget the child of her womb?  
And even should she forget,  
Still will I not forget thee.”*

*No, she shall not forget, because her delight is to be with  
The children of men, and I am her youngest, well-beloved child.  
She cannot fail me  
She will not forsake her child, now grown to manhood.  
With her purity shall I be pure . . .  
With her strength shall I be powerful . . .  
With her wisdom shall I be wise . . .  
In her integrity shall I find truth.  
For she stands ever before the throne of God,*

*Mediating between us to secure virtue and strength and grace,  
Inviting me to lift my eyes and look into her own.*

*"I am the Mother of Faith, Love, and of fear, and of knowledge,  
And of holy hope. Come over to me, all ye that desire me,  
And be filled with my fruits,  
For my spirit is sweet above honey.  
He that hearkeneth unto me shall not be confounded,  
And they that work by me shall not sin.  
They that explain me shall have life everlasting."*

*Hear, O America . . .  
From her heart flow all graces to enrich thy land.  
Entrust the Queen with thy whole heart,  
And with thy whole soul,  
And with thy whole strength,  
For she is thy salvation.  
And these words which I command thee this day,  
Shall be in thy heart.*

*And thou shalt tell them to thy children . . .  
And thou shalt meditate upon them sitting in thy house . . .  
And walking on thy journey . . .  
Sleeping,  
And rising . . .*

### FINALE

*One hundred years have passed since your purity  
Was proclaimed to entire Christendom,  
Since the cry has resounded from pole to pole  
"O Mary, conceived without sin."  
But especially to me does your purity shine,  
For under this title you are my queen, my advocate  
And my protectress.  
Only because of you has my red, white and blue been safeguarded.  
Through years of war, peace, joy and sorrow  
Your virtues have led.  
The red of your motherly love has encircled the  
Hearts of my people with a burning desire to carry  
My standards high;*

*The white of your purity which has preserved  
My little ones from temptation and sin  
That ride high on the sea of life;  
The blue of your protection which billows as a  
Mantle covering the nation,  
Sprinkling the soil with raindrops  
And making the fields fertile to grow and reap.  
How my heart gives thanks  
When I see the products of your virtue,  
Spreading out to my ends from the Atlantic to the Pacific.  
Bless, keep, stainless and pure  
All those who profess their belief in my flag.  
The young men on the battlefields fighting  
For the freedom proclaimed when I was young,  
Instill in the hearts of parents the love of God  
And the horror of sin  
Which will bring their children to the light of truth;  
Especially keep under the banner of your purity  
My chosen ones, the priests and religious,  
Who have so generously sacrificed their lives to work  
For your Divine Son.  
And Mary, watch over my little ones, my future leaders,  
How much they need your strength and sinlessness.  
They live in an age trodden under by atheistic ideas,  
An era of darkness through which only your guiding light can  
pervade.  
Take my youth by your hand and lead them to the eternal port  
of heaven.  
You are the surest, the safest path I can take to your Son.*

*Keep it always, Mary, the Land of the Free,  
The Home of the Brave,  
I believe in you, Mary,  
For you are the glory,  
You are the joy,  
You are the honor of my people.*



## A CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF HOPKINS'

# "That Nature Is a Heraclitan Fire, And of the Comfort of the Resurrection"

By Claudette Drennan, '54

*Awarded first prize (\$100), Essay Division, Atlantic Monthly  
National Creative Writing Contest*

(Conclusion)

The poem's three levels of comment—dimension and quality of physical reality, ontological structure of reality, and theological implications of reality—can not be expounded wholly, however, in terms of connotation and implication in the poem's imagery. An external sound structure matches implied meaning with mood throughout the poem, just as the three general progressions of literal meaning are matched with direct expressions of the speaker's emotion. No explication of the poem is complete, therefore, until this sound structure is analyzed for its connotation of mood, and compared to the imagery's connotation of meaning.

In the preface to his poems, Hopkins says that some are written in sprung rhythm, some in running rhythm, and some in both. "That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire" is written in both, so that some of the stresses fall in even feet to make running rhythm, and some fall irregularly, as in sprung rhythm. The poem opens in running rhythm, "Cloud-puffball, torn tufts, tossed pillows" etc., because the clouds are moving quickly across the sky. Line two also has running rhythm, but instead of iambic feet, it has double iambic, or four-syllable rising lines. This wash of weak beats between the important stresses forces a climax in line three, where iamb, anapest, and triple iamb speed the clouds behind an elm tree. Hopkins now moves into sprung rhythm until line ten where emotion, not cloud movement begins to climax. Between marked pauses, the number of weak beats rises regularly to the turning point of the poem, "Man, how fast his firedint, his mark on mind is gone!" The six stresses of the line are, with one exception, six perfect trochaic feet. Not only are all the stresses in perfect place, but almost all have the same strength. The other high points of the poem are also expressed in even feet. "I am all at once what Christ is, since he is what I am," is mostly iambic, and the last line, "Is immortal diamond," trochaic. This regularity becomes climactic in the poem by its contrast with sprung rhythm. The rhythm of heightened speech, sprung rhythm is more intense than ordinary speech, expressing poetic thought compression, but allowing emotions to rise and fall. The climaxes of regular rhythm are a heightening of

sprung rhythm, creating, therefore, the most intense emotional atmosphere.

Assonance and alliteration, of course, parallel the moods worked out by rhythmic patterns. For example, the "aws," "ows," and "ohs" of the first line, coupled with the soft "l," "f," "fl," "s," and "sh" impress us with the softness of clouds. Sharp contrast in the same line, "cl," "tt," "td," and "tr" remind us of the violent wind blowing these clouds. The clear "white" sound of "air" and "built" introduce a lightness that carries through the "a" of gay-gangs," and "i" and "tt" of "glitter." Similarly, the hissing "ss" and "zz" and prolonged "ah," "ees," "os," and "oos" of "ooze to squeezed dough" suggest the sluggish movements of mud. In line fourteen, high, open "sheer," "disseveral," and "star" describe the beauty of man, while dark, covered, and dulling "death blots black out" knells his obliteration. "Jack, joke, poor potsherd, patch, matchwood, immortal diamond," finally, is a masterpiece of mood expression through sound. The clicking "ks," simpering "ps," and grating "atch" create an unpleasant atmosphere which heightens the beauty of flowing vowels and humming "mms" of "immortal diamond."

Critics sometimes evaluate poems for their fresh insight into familiar experience. This criterion is valid, but it may tend towards mere enumeration of new insights. Familiar and unfamiliar elements in "Heraclitean Fire" have already shown themselves in the explication of literal and symbolic meaning in the poem. What of this poem's value as a work of art?

St. Thomas Aquinas defines beauty as "That which on being seen, gives pleasure." This pleasure is an intuitive joy we have in knowledge—not the joy peculiar to knowing, but a joy superabounding and overflowing because of the excellence of the object known. The object is excellent because it conforms in some way to an ideal of perfection which man patterns after the perfection of his own mind. A beautiful thing possesses integrity because the mind likes being, order because the mind likes unity, and lightness or clarity because the mind delights in light and intelligibility.

"That Nature is an Heraclitean Fire" has an essential integrity, order, and clarity which makes it beautiful. Its essential integrity is found in the relationship of each word to all the other words, in sound, rhythm, meaning, and association. The permeation of major themes in every sequence of thought, and the development of images on literal and symbolic levels are other aspects of the poem's integrity. Hopkins' perception of the essential unity of apparently disparate things constitutes the essential order of the poem. Themes and images are a study in the organization of unrelated objects. The lightness and clarity of the poem are brought about by Hopkins' ability to make integrity and order come to life. Nothing is forced in the poem. Its rise and fall of music, its rhyme, its word coloring, arise naturally from words that exactly express Hopkins' thought. In fact, every word seems the right word, the inevitable word.

This integrity, order, and lightness make Hopkins' poem a thing of beauty. Because it is beauty seen and interpreted by man, it is an art object. Whether or not it is a great work of art now depends on the nature of the truth it embodies. Beauty is truthful, and truth beautiful, but grades of truth correspond to grades of reality. I see the poem as a great work of art because it deals with the highest type of reality, spiritual truth. The problem of being and becoming is the most important question that man as man has to face. When man ponders this question, he is placing the highest act of which he is capable. When he ponders it in a work of art, he is creating a great work of art: for he interprets creatively the most perfect act of man.

## Alumnae News

The following wedding announcements have been received at "The Mount": MISS CATHERINE SCULLY to Mr. Anthony Brenneis in Saint Gabriel's Church, San Francisco; MISS ROSEMARY CZULEGER to Mr. Edw. Chas. Rea, in Saint James Church, Redondo Beach.

Additions to our Alumnae are: To Mr. and Mrs. Donald Moody (DOROTHY VARGAS) a son, Michael Timothy; to Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Trengove (MARJORIE GEGG) a son, David Raymond; to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sayer (CHARLOTTE AGUILAR) a son, Mark Everest; to Mr. and Mrs. P. D'Angelo (NANCY HERBEVEAUX) a daughter, Julianne Barbara.

MARY ANN GREER will be teaching at Verdugo Junior High—her first teaching assignment. MARY DOLORES BUCKLEY would welcome a note from old friends. She is a patient at Barlow Sanitarium. SHIRLEY BURKE received a fellowship from the University of Lausanne, Switzerland. She plans to work in comparative literature. THERESA GIOVANELLI has returned to the Mount to work for a secondary credential in order to teach Spanish in high school. ANA MARIE COTA has been teaching English in a high school in Ensenada. She has now entered La Escuela Normal in Mexicali, working for a Mexican teaching credential. She hopes eventually to open her own Academy patterned after her two Alma Maters, Our Lady of Peace, San Diego, and Mount Saint Mary's, Los Angeles."

PATRICIA HARMON, '53, left in October for Dubuque, Iowa, to enter the novitiate of the B.V.M.s